

Should I try death by dussions: I am mop't,
 Food tooke I none these two daies.
 Sipt some water. I have not closd mine eyes
 Save when my lids scowrd off their bine; alas
 Dissolue my life, Let not my sence unsettle
 Least I should drowne, or stab, or hang my selfe.
 O state of Nature, faile together in me,
 Since thy best props are warpt: So which way now?
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:
 Each errant step beside is torment. Loe
 The Moone is down, the Cryckers chirpe, the Schreichowle
 Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
 Save what I faile in: But the point is this
 An end, and that is all.

Exit.

Scena 3. Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be neere the place, ho. Cosen Palamon.
 Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite.

Arc. The same: I have brought you foode and files,
 Come forth and feare not, her'es no *Thescus*.

Pal. Nor none so honest *Arcite*.

Arc. That's no matter,
 Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
 You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drinke
 I know you are faint, then ile talke further with you.

Pal. *Arcite*, thou mightst now poyson me.

Arc. I might.

But I must feare you first: Sit downe, and good now
 No more of these vaine parlies; let us not
 Having our ancient reputation with us
 Make talke for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray sit downe then, and let me entreate you
 By all the honesty and honour in you,
 No mention of this woman, t'will disturbe us,
 We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, Ile pledge you. (blood man.)

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good
 Doe

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay, Ile tell you after a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz: Eat now.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I am glad you have so good a stomach.

Pal. I am gladder I have so good meate too't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging, here in the wild woods Cosen

Pal. Yes, for then that have wilde Consciences. (I see,

Arc. How tastes your vittails: your hunger needs no sawce

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: sweete Cosen: what is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. Tis a lusty meate:

Give me more wine; here *Arcite* to the wenches
 We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.

Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-haired man.

Arc. She did so; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard some call him *Arcite*, and

Arc. Out with't faith,

Pal. She met him in an Arbour:

What did she there Cuz? play o'th virginals?

Arc. Something she did Sir.

Pal. Made her groane a moneth for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.

Arc. The Marshals Sister,

Had her share too, as I remember Cosen,

Else there be tales abroad, you'l pledge her?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wench t'is: There was a time
 When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,
 And a broad Beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.

Pal. For *Emily*, upon my life; Foole

Away with this straind mirth; I say againe
 That sigh was breathd for *Emily*; base Cosen,
 Dar'st thou breake first?

Arc. you are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth, ther's nothing in thee honest.

G

Arc.